

# BLACK SILK STOCKINGS

NO. 3

50¢

ON

HILLBILLY HAREM

WOOING WHAT  
COMES NATURALLY

MELANCHOLY  
DAMES

HI, WIDE  
AND HANDSOME

SLOB APPEAL



# BLACK SILK

EDITORIAL:

Welcome to the Clob

IN THESE DAYS of social pressures of one kind or another — from threats of nuclear extinction to a decline in the price of hogs at the Chicago market—it's easy to get into that what-the-hell frame of mind. You start looking for new ways to enjoy yourself, and then discover there aren't any. Everything, as they say, is either illegal, immoral, or fattening. Brother, welcome to the clob!

But there's no sense fussing about things you can do nothing for. Instead, take a quick look through the pages of this new, exciting magazine called **BLACK SILK STOCKINGS**. Then, after you take a quick look, buy the magazine and take a long, careful look. And what do you see? You see enough to make you realize that the worries you've had are really nothing at all.

For, packed into these luscious pages of photos and type is enough entertainment and excitement to keep you going for quite a while. We've put into **BLACK SILK STOCKINGS** just what anyone in his right mind would put into black silk stockings: girls. They're here in profusion and in the best of all possible ways: boldly and beautifully. They're here in assorted, but universally applauded, shapes, sizes and styles. And they're all yours, to do with as you please, when you have **BLACK SILK STOCKINGS** tucked under your arm, or propped in front of your breakfast food in the morning.

**BLACK SILK STOCKINGS**, with its pages and pages of girls, humor, action and fun, is that new adventure you've been seeking so vainly. It's a breath of fresh air in a smoggy season.

We give you — **BLACK SILK STOCKINGS**. ● ● ●



# STOCKINGS

VOL. 1

NO. 8

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BLACK SILK STOCKINGS is published by  
VALLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC.,  
12969 1/2 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, California

Manuscripts and illustrations from contributors must be accompanied by return postage. While every effort will be made to insure prompt and careful handling, no responsibility can be taken for unsolicited material.

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## *Deep in the Ozark wilderness waits a woman who's a breed apart.*

**A**LONG, the Missouri-Arkansas border, in the rugged hill country known as the Ozarks, they say you can find a brand of civilization which harkens back to the days of our European forebears. Here in the pristine solitude of the piney woods and craggy hillsides people are born, mature, age and die without any particular contact with the outside world.

The result of this isolation is a refreshing disregard for authority (e.g., the frequent moonshine stills) and a glorious lust for life among both men and women—but particularly among the gals.

Ozark women tend to be a little bigger, a little more beautiful and unsuited, and a whole lot less inhibited than their more sophisticated

anxious to please. She will take you to her bosom, usually in a literal sense, and she will almost certainly take you home to show off to Ma and Pa.

Now, the mistake most explorers in this regions make is to fear the prospect of meeting the Ozark belle's parents. Nothing could be more absurd.

Instead of trotting along home with Miss Phoebe like any decent Ozark lad would, the stranger usually goes skulking off in his convertible at the first opportunity he gets. By so doing, he not only misses out on a fine meal of fresh-caught squirrel meat, but he's kicking away many, many hours of sport with his comely prize.

For the Ozark parents are even

hillbelle who protests. This stirs all sorts of atavistic chivalry in the Ozark male populace, who are still pretty fair marksmen, in the Sergeant York tradition. Anyhow, there are plenty of others for you to choose from if you find a stuffy broad among the free-wheeling types up there.

Another thing: if Maw and Paw start talking marriage, don't argue. Just clear out as fast as you can. This is the place where the shotgun marriage was invented, and the code of the hills is very explicit on the point of matrimony—with or without male consent.

In short, restrict your amorous adventures in the Ozarks to girls who are willing (an easy matter), and flee all suggestions to marry.

# HILLBILLY HAREM

cated sisters in the outside world. Their names run to fetching and quaint syllables like Lindylton, Jessie and Amanda. Their complexions run to apricot tan, warble smoothness and pure delight.

Their figures—well, they're classic in the truest sense of the word: large, full bosoms standing out sharply beneath simple cotton dresses (with no confining bras to distort and disguise the natural shape), and smoothly rounded hips and thighs that seem to retain their youthful firmness without the aid of elastic girdles.

Truly, the Ozark woman is a joy forever.

A traveler in these awesome territories will find the Ozark female population most hospitable, most

more hospitable than daughter. Where she extends the hand of hospitality from curiosity, her maw and paw extend it because they like to keep daughter happy and at home. The legends of mountaineers sniping at strangers with squirrel rifles is pure eyewash. Perhaps some of this was going on during the most active days of revenue agents, when the hillbilly populace was out to protect its livelihood and cheer (not its females), but the revenuers are gone now, and the rifles are used mostly on squirrels.

The code of the hills is a pretty stiff affair, however. And it would do well for the traveler to keep in mind some of its more stringent clauses. Never, for example, try to press your passion upon a young

lately, of course, Detroit has made innards into the territory, and the hillbillies also have automobiles.

In some scattered areas, they even have two-way radios to call ahead and set up roadblocks with. These are rare cases, however, and if you encounter one by exceeding bad fortune, find solace in the fact that you are marrying a dandy bed partner—and a pretty fair cook.

If you get away without becoming a husband, don't feel obliged to stay away; the Ozarks are a rugged and capacious set of mountains in which it is easy to become lost—and even easier to find new adventures on the next trip into Hillbillyland.







# INTERCON

*There's a world of women to choose from right in your own back yard!*

By Lowell J. Phipps

**W**ITHOUT QUESTION, the greatest single advantage of the jet age is that it puts rare and inaccessible women at our fingertips.

We are all aware that ours is a shrunken world. Travel time between continents is only a matter of a few hours.

If a man wants to change his luck in London or have a fling in France, he can leave New York in the morning and be back with a hangover the very next day.

More important than this, however, especially for the man who hasn't got the prize of a jet flight in his jeans, is the fact that thousands of lovely foreign creatures are already here!

The post-war period accelerated a trend which started years ago. Now, with hundreds of international organizations, ranging from government legations, commercial and industrial firms, international institu-





# TINENTAL MISS

tians and exchange students—there is a bountiful supply of continental charm right in our own back yard.

We are not talking either about that small handful of international playgirls who have a penthouse in every port. We're talking about lovely, delightful and *respectable* creatures who talk just like the girl next door, except with a foreign accent.

It is true that most of these girls live in the large cities, although at least a few are to be found in the average university town.

And whether they live in a small town or in a large city, they have one thing in common: they are mad about American men. The old story of opposites attracting, gives you an added twist.

Starting with the most exotic and delicate of these imports, the Indo-Chinese girls definitely deserve a

*(continued on the next page)*





Indo-Chinese girls aren't very large but they make up for it with perfectly proportioned bodies that are delicately delightful.

tention. There are quite a few of them in this country, either as students, or office workers in commercial firms or government agencies.

Indo-Chinese girls are small and flower-like. They have delicately chiseled features and although they have a distinct Oriental look, this look is different from Chinese girls. Their skin is a golden olive color and they have large, lustrous eyes.

Their bodies are extraordinarily beautiful, supple, slim, velvety. They have sharp, bud-like breasts, slim hips and for all their delicacy, are astonishingly sinuous and strong.

Indo-Chinese girls, according to connoisseurs, make the world's finest mistresses. They are absolutely loyal, intensely passionate, and devote

themselves to all the little but important ways of pleasing a man.

Moreover, their knowledge of how to please a man has to be experienced to be believed.

Diametrically opposed, in geographical as well as in social sense, are the Scandinavian girls of whom there are many thousands in the U.S. These run all the way from strikingly handsome irish-looking to office girls, students, journalists, etc.

The Scandinavian girls, Swedish, Danes, Norse and Finn, are surprisingly different. The Swedish girls are usually tall and superbly built. They have large powerful breasts and magnificently athletic thighs. Swedish girls ski and ride

bicycles a great deal and this hearty exercise gives a statuesque quality to their bodies that makes them the most beautiful sh girls in the world.

Scandinavian girls are not from the same stock and therefore they do not have the same characteristics. Some are tall and some are short, some are blond and some are dark, some are from Sweden, some from Norway, some from Finland. These girls are found on every continent and in every country. They are the most beautiful girls in the world.

They are the most beautiful girls in the world. They are the most beautiful girls in the world. They are the most beautiful girls in the world.

One of the most distorted myths of our time is the one that says the



English are cold. This may be true of Englishmen, but it is not, you will discover, true of their women.

This is all the more surprising because English women usually are wonderfully polite and live an air of unmistakable reserve. But they also have a quality of down-to-earthness that few other women possess.

When all the hanky punky is done and the hour is growing late, an English girl will quite calmly say, "well, I do think it is getting time for bed—do you prefer the right or the left side?"

English girls, once a man gets to know them, are extraordinarily passionate, almost completely uninhibited and have an appetite for love that will gratify the most active

male.

Italian girls are also to be found in this country, and although they exist in fewer number, they make up for it in quality.

Italian girls are at their very best between the ages of 18 and 28 and happily, that is the kind you will most ordinarily find. They have the kind of bodies that have made their movie stars so popular in this country and they are almost volcanic in their responses.

Italian girls are more shy than Northern European girls and they are therefore harder to approach. Once the approach has been made, and made successfully, the battle is almost over. Italian girls, like French girls, make their yes or no

decision before you like them or not. If they let you like them you are safe; you may be 99 to 1 sure that the answer is yes.

They are more romantic, more sensitive to the subtleties of courtship than Northern European girls. In short, while willing and eager, they do not like to be wrestled into the prime position. Gradual attention, stroking, caressing is what they require—up to a point. Beyond that point there is no holding them back.

Because these lovely creatures are so intensely passionate, they can and will go on making love all night long. And far from tiring, they seem to get more and more excited as time goes on. If they can

*Continued on the next page*



**Scandinavian girls are all a little different: Swedes are tall; Danes are full of bounce; Norse girls love to swing.**

flaming girls shoot  
off volcanic sparks



find a man who will give them what they want, they will treat him like a god.

From the other side of the world come two precious groups of females, Hindus and Japanese, who are also to be found in great numbers in this country.

Both are linked together in one common aspect of culture: their infinite knowledge of the arts of love. As many a G.I. knows, Japanese girls are meticulously trained in the arts of love from the time that they are very young.

This is also true of Indian girls, many of whom have read the magnificent ancient volumes available in their country on the hundred and thirty positions of love, the elaborate rituals of preparation, etc.

Both Japanese and Indian girls have another thing in common, the thing that makes all Oriental women so desirable to American males: they have a loyalty and devotion to their men that is completely selfless.



When these girls give themselves to a man they give everything they have, nothing barred.

There are, to be sure, thousands of other foreign girls in this country who cannot be listed in detail for lack of space.

The important thing to remember is that these girls are in a strange land. They are powerfully attracted to American men, especially those whose physical attributes are most directly opposite to theirs. That is, blonde Swedish and English girls

**Turkish gals are bitter-sweet like coffee.**



go wild for dark, swarthy types, etc.

In addition, most of these women come from lands where the standard of living is far lower than our own; they are content with less. They don't want minks or Cadillacs. What they want is a man.

Finally, being lonely and in a strange land, they are hungry for male companionship. To deny them this satisfaction would be nothing less than inhospitable. Break down, men, give these poor strangers a chance.



NEVER  
TAKE  
GLASSES  
TO  
GIRLS  
WHO  
MAKE  
PASSES





**Y**OU KNOW the type. She's stacked. She's got flashing white teeth that look as if they could snap thigh bones like pretzels. The front of her dress is loaded with goodies like the bumpers on a Cadillac and it's cut down to there. She's loaded too. And she thinks you're grr-owl-great!

Well, it's plenty hard to resist. Let's face it. In fact, it's almost impossible, since she's got you pinned between the wall and the piano bench.

"Before I tell you how cute you are," she slurs, "go get me another drink."

Now, right there's your out. If you have any sense you'll take it. You'll go into the kitchen where the bottles are spread on the sink and you'll climb right over them

*1 aggressive female*

*6 oz gin =*

*1 helluva hangover!*

and go out the back window. Have a hamburger—plain, no onions, at the local beanery—and go home to bed.

Trouble is, you haven't got any sense. You get her the drink and you come back to the room to discover that she's been watching you like a hawk watching a chipmunk.

"Mmm," she says, draining "her unapth martini, "good! Naw tell me all about yourself."

"Well—" you begin.

"Never mind," she says, "let's go to your place where we can drink in comfort." On the way to the bedroom to get her coat, you knock down the hostess and step on a sleeping poodle. If you had any sense you'd hide under the bed. (Your hostess, after all, is pretty cute too.)

*= Continued on the next page*



*She looks ready, willing, eager but she can lead you a merry, exhausting chase!*



But—like we said—you're hooked. Home you go in the slowest taxi cab in the world, and all the time she's rubbing pancake makeup on the shoulder of your best suit and making mountain lion-type noises in her throat.

"What'll you have?" you ask, when she's kicked her shoes off and sprawled out on the couch.

"Oh, surprise me," she says. "Make me something different."

"Heh, heh. To, um, Indianapolis when I was only twelve—"

"That's because I've made a study of these things. I have a theory, would you like to hear my theory?"

"Uh, sure, but—"

"Ok, but first pour me another drink. You see, it's like this—"

The tide in the jug goes low and finally it disappears. You go out to refill it but she never notices. She keeps on talking. She drinks, you

truth."

"Mmroph, firmor, dunnily," you say, shaking your head so hard it causes the neighbors in the apartment below to pound on the ceiling. They always do that when you thump on the floor.

"The least you can do," she says in icy tones, "is offer me a last drink before I go. Never mind, I'll make it myself."

She rises and moves, lithe as a

Now that she's drunk you under the table, what's left for a girl to do?



There's a note in her voice like the rustle of sheets.

You mix up a jug of the most lethal hooch in the house, loosen your tie, and pour her a whopping great drink — being careful, of course not to spill any on your hands.

"Now," she says, bringing her glowing face close to yours, "tell me about yourself."

"Well—"

"I knew you were different from the first moment I saw you," she says.

"Yeah, unh hunh, well, my folks moved from Quincy to—"

"I can always tell about men by the way they fold their pocket handkerchiefs."

drink. She drinks more. You go out and refill the jug again. You come back. Somehow it seems easier if you do it on your hands and knees. She's still talking.

You decide—what the hell, anyway. You kiss her. It interrupts her briefly. You kiss her again, much longer. As soon as you stop she goes right on talking.

You have another drink. And this time you really kiss her. You kiss her so hard that you find yourself sliding off the couch.

"I don't think you're really interested in my theory," she says.

"Uz, mæzru, shmlul," you say, enunciating carefully.

"It isn't my mind you care about, it's my body, isn't it? Tell me the

panther into the kitchen. She comes out with the remainder of a fifth of rum and downs it in one gulp. You see all of this clearly and are dimly aware that something has gone amiss. Only trouble, you're usually unable to speak.

"Goodnight," she says, hand on the door, "thank you for a nothing evening."

With a massive effort you lift your head three inches off the floor and reply with all the irony in your soul, "Fiennsis gnoll . . ."

The door opens but you never hear it slam. The next sound you hear will be the cleaning woman running the vacuum sweeper over your furry face.

● ● ●



*Take advantage of targets of opportunity and get a higher score!*



# WOOLING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

By Walker Cole

THERE'S MUCH to be said for the long-range marksman. The sniper who carefully selects his targets and then gradually zeroes in on a choice and luscious female.

There's much to be said of him and a lot of it is bad. True, he does come up with a winner every now and then. He occasionally lands some glamorous creature who has held all the boys at bay. By virtue of superior tactics, patience and precision, he bags some mighty fine trophies—now and then.

On the other hand, he wastes a heck of a lot of time.

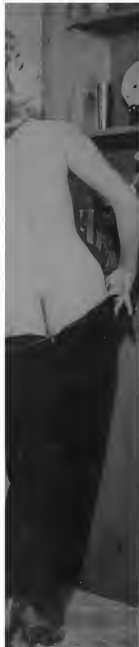
When you consider that, with the lights out, it is pretty hard to tell one sample of female geography from another, you realize that the perfectionist is letting a lot of golden moments pass him by.

It is for this reason that we address ourselves to the subject of targets of opportunity. As one amazingly successful lothario put it, when he retired from the field, "I'll make a pass at practically anything that moves; I don't win 'em all, but I sure maintain a high average."

This expert also went on to point out that constant activity kept him loose and flexible. (There were times, he added, when he was almost coming apart at the seams.) This meant, he said, that when he aimed his sights at a really choice target, he was relaxed and able, more often than not, to score.

*(continued on the next page)*





Because he had, as he put it, "a lot of things going for him" all the time, he was able to take a free and casual approach. This, as any expert dame-stalker knows, is the one best calculated to succeed.

Getting back to targets of opportunity, however, they are everywhere around you. The world is full of people and roughly half of them are women. Amen. This means that in your waking hours you come in contact with many women in a casual way. What happens in your non-waking hours depends on what you do in daylight.

Waitresses, shop girls, lady taxi drivers, housewives, friends, neighbors—all of them female. Most of them you pass by. There are reasons for passing some of them by, of course. They're married or politer-men or boxing champs or they are under eighteen or over sixty.

That leaves plenty in-between and it is worth your while to give each of them a fast browse. Some people recommend in fact, that it is unwise to let a day go by without making a pass (verbal or otherwise) at a new girl.

True, these overtures don't always pay off quickly, but like the man said, you always have something going for you.

Of course, one trouble with this is that very often, a little spade work is necessary before your foundation is well-laid. A guy who passes too quickly from one female to the next, sometimes finds himself with a whole lot of potentials, but nothing



**Targets of opportunity are everywhere around you and there's a lot to be said for the scattergun technique.**



on the dotted line.

Nevertheless, it is possible to combine the scatter-gun technique with a minimum of follow-through. It takes a while to learn just how much time to invest in each potential conquest. But it is worth streamlining the operation so that you can extend your prospecting to the full.

Usually, one date will tell you a great deal about your partner. It may, indeed, tell you all you need to know. Many a man has scored on his first encounter, when he least expected it. But if he did, it was because he was in there trying.

This is the important thing to remember. Keep trying, keep pitching. Maintain a constant offensive. You never know when the gates are going to open.

Sometimes, it is true, you can invest time and energy and get nowhere. You break off the quest only to discover that someone else has benefitted from your preparations.

Those are the breaks, of course, but if you've been diligently spreading yourself around, you can afford an occasional loss like this. In the meantime, you will have built up a new roster of recruits. And at least one of them is bound to end in victory.

Getting back to our old luthario friend, he told us, "When I was a young stud, I adapted as my motto, 'every woman I meet, I consider my target for tonight.'"

It isn't surprising, therefore, that he made so many bulls-eyes.



Once you've zeroed in your sights  
you've got to follow through!



# Pipe Schemes

By Oliver Cady

**T**obacco, like weather, seems to be a part of our lives which we can neither escape nor wholly condemn. And since, once hooked on the filthy habit, you have the devil's own time shaking it, you might as well learn to live with it, and live with it as gracefully as possible. That is, don't fret about the volume of smoke you inhale, or the ounces of tobacco you burn in the course of a day. Instead, give a little thought to how you're smoking—and, most important, to *what* you're smoking.

Cigarettes are handy, as Ogden Nash might have said, and cigars are just dandy. But what do they do for you as a man? The answer: Nothing, except lend you a not-too-pleasant air of burnt tobacco. Cigars especially have that curious ability to drive people to the other end of the clubcar, or out onto the patio, when it goes off like a smelly cannon cracker.

Cigarettes don't offend as many people, but they don't inspire anyone either. What's to get inspired about two and a half inches of rice paper and enough tobacco to fill a good-sized thimble? Nothing, that's what.

All right, cigarettes ain't exactly the answer to a girl's prayer, and cigars have all the sex-appeal of a burning hot-water bottle. What's left, then—assuming you're not the type to chew the stuff, or pack it into your ears? There's just one course remaining: make with the meerschäum!

No, meerschäum isn't the only material that goes into smoking pipes. And the other types of pipes are only slightly less appealing than the tarnished white of a well-worn meerschäum. But a woman is like putty in your hands (and don't knock it if you've never tried it) when you pull out one of these intriguing beauties and light up.

The first whiff of that aromatic cloud is enough to make her your slave for life, or at any rate, for the

evening. And when she sniffs the second cloud, and finds it just as appealing as the first, you've got it made.

What is it about a pipe-smoker that sends chills up and down a woman's tummy and turns her heart to oleomargarine? Well, first of all, it's partly the reputation pipes have gained in the nation's advertisements. Did you ever see a handsome man in an ad, for anything, who wasn't puffing on a pipe? About the only exceptions are (1) cigarette ads, and (2) cigar ads—and you can hardly regard them as indicative or unbiased. Women read these ads, and they like what they see, including the pipe-smoker. You pull out a pipe and begin puffing, *viola!* Again, she likes what she sees. She thinks you're a regular Gregory Peck in *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*.

Something else about a pipe: in the physical manipulation of the pipe itself, there is a suggestive, a symbolic message for your girl friend. There's no need to spell it out here; just consider what you do with one, and let your imagination roam. See what we mean? Think that's stretching things? Don't kid yourself, brother; she looks at it that way, so why shouldn't you?

Use the pipe as a prop at all times. Point with it, gesture with it, turn it over in your hand when you're thinking. Make it, rather than you, the object of her attention. This is especially desirable if you are fat, bald, ugly or otherwise repulsive to women. Even if you are constantly being told you look exactly like Bill Hulden, a hand prop like a pipe isn't a bad idea. You think maybe Hulden is perfect?

Anyhow, try the pipe routine. With the luck you've been having with girls, it's got to be a help. Besides, even if they still run when they see you coming, you'll probably live longer if you give up cigarettes. In fact, you'll probably survive to a ripe, sexless and rather miserable old age. ● ● ●

A handsome man can be no effective weapon in man's struggle to survive.







# TWO CAN LOVE AS CHEAPLY AS



## ONE ONE ONE

**A** FEW YEARS AGO a picture came out that captured men's imagination. It was called "The Captain's Paradise," and it was a story about a man with two women.

The two women were totally different. One was gentle, blonde, honey. The other was dark, fiery, voluptuous. The Captain, traveling from port to port and bed to bed, really had it made.

Obviously, here was an ideal situation. Trouble is, not all of us are seafarers, or for that matter, traveling salesmen.

Still . . . let's examine the possibilities. Assuming you live in an area where there are two or more available females, and this is true of just about anyplace except San Quentin, you are in a good position to emulate the lucky Captain.

First you must find two girls, who live on opposite sides of town. This is important because it avoids what economists call, conflicts of interest. It also gives you time to get the scent of perfume off your clothes and remove traces of lipstick, etc.



Make absolutely sure the two girls have nothing in common, no friends, no clubs, no tastes, nothing that might cause their paths to cross. Rival women, when betrayed, have been known to join forces and fall upon their betrayer like a pack of wild dogs.

Assuming that you're all staked out, you're now ready to draw up a schedule. Rosita likes to go bowling on Monday nights and Annabelle likes to eat at odd restaurants. Each is entitled to a night out once a week.

Trouble is, after you've been out bowling on Monday night, you're kind of stiff on Tuesday. And with Annabelle you've got to be kind of limber on account she's the athletic type.

So you decide Tuesday night is your night to stay home and rest and Wednesday night is for Annabelle.

You get it all worked out and you draw up a little chart so you don't get confused. Simple. There's only one drawback: Annabelle likes to go camping on weekends. Rosita likes to spend the weekend around the house. Your house.

You wriggle out of that one by having to work one weekend out of every two. That enables you to switch back and forth. True, you do have a hard job one Monday night explaining to Rosita how come you're all covered with mosquito bites. But you tell her you work in a swampy office.

Meantime, all is not just output on your part. Rosita likes to sew, so you give her your Sox to darn. Annabelle washes your woolen sweaters and keeps you supplied with homemade cookies.

You find that if you make a deal with the florist to buy day-old flowers, you can get a big bunch for the cost of a small one, and you split them up. You buy your candy loose in the five and ten cent store and put it in sample boxes you get from the drugstore windows.

Liquor is an expensive item but you suddenly develop a taste for

*Continued on the next page*



*Gentlemen prefer blondes, and brunettes,  
and redheads, and gray hair,  
sandy hair, brindle,  
striped, even,  
wigs!*

wine. Nothing but wine, you say, shall pass your lips. Anything else dulls the senses. Wine, the cheaper, the better.

Carefully, planning it all, using your wits, you arrive at a perfectly luscious situation. Rosita is all heat and sparks, olive skin and vacuum cleaner kisses. Annabelle is blonde, creamy white, strawberry pink and quivers at your touch.

You've got a setup, any man would envy—the best of two worlds and all the pleasure a man can absorb. Everything goes along swimmingly—until, you guessed it, Christmas.

Both want you for Christmas Eve, and for Christmas day. And both, of course, expect presents. Well, a cut rate jeweler friend can help you out there. And, on inspiration, you suddenly remember Mom.

No matter that Mom is in Fairbanks, Alaska, you've got to spend Christmas at home. And you do. Your home. You sit in your dingy apartment watching TV and eating one of those frozen dinners and waiting for the whole thing to blow over.

It does. A week later you go over to Rosita's house. You've been lonely and love-starved for ages it seems, and you throw your arms around her with more than usual enthusiasm.

"Annabelle, honey," you cry, "it's so good to see you—uh!"

It's like the battle of the Marne.

Well, hell, there's always Annabelle to fall back on. Even if it isn't her scheduled night, you wipe the cruckery out of your eyebrows and high tail for her door.

She greets you in a filmy negligee; she spitters with what seems to be surprise. When, finally, she gets free of your grasp, you notice, and she introduces you to a big, ugly brute in carpet slippers.

"I-I wasn't expecting you," she sighs.

The rat. The double-crossing—she's been leading a double life!




The ideal situation is to  
have a girl in every port.



But this will do as a nice  
substitute for perfection.





*Marlon Brando  
set a trend that  
may revolutionize  
romance!*

# SLOB

WHEN TEE-SHIRTEN, chunk-shoofederd Marlon Brando stepped in front of the cameras to make the movie "A Streetcar Named Desire" a few years ago, he probably didn't know that those gasps from the female audience heralded a new era of sex in America. The girls took one long, narrow look at their neatly pressed suitors, another look at the motion picture screen and made up their minds: there's nothing like a slob.

Unfortunately for the men of America, these gals didn't announce their intention to turn to unscrubbed types. How was Joe Deaks supposed to know that the neat part in his hair, the unstained necktie and the freshly polished shoes had suddenly weakened his sex-appeal? What was the poor guy supposed to do—start wallowing in garbage on the outside chance that it would give him an air of romance?

Well, that's what he was *supposed* to do, but it isn't what he did. Instead, he began scrubbing about for a more logical solution, not taking into consideration the fact that woman is not a logical creature. He tried psychoanalysis, and dy-netics. He wore wide neckties with flamboyant patterns, he affected narrow ties with subdued stripes. He wore brillantime, and he cut his hair in a crewcut. Nothing worked.

Then his Mines arrived. He was an unlikely Moses, to be sure, but he showed the American male population the way out of the sexless

wilderness. His name was Elvis Presley.

If possible, he was even a wee bit more slobbish than Marlon. He let his hair grow long on back and side. He wore baggy trousers which bobbed and weaved in conjunction with his stoid hips. He talked and sang just like a hick. And look what happened: the girls went nuts.

All of a sudden, the neckties gave way to cowboy string ties. The Oxford cloth shirts were transformed into sequined and bright-colored silk garments with—God save us—nunogrammed pockets. The revolution occurred, about five years too late.

But the appeal for women is still there. She still goes for the mop-top and gaudy look, and there's still time to cash in.

We're thinking specifically of that newest girl of yours. You've been craving a roll in the hay with her for some time now. You are drawn by the exquisite loveliness of her soft yellow hair, which falls in concentric curls behind her head. You also are not knocking her 36-25-35 figure, which shows off very well in a swim suit or warm days. Hell, it shows off well in a floor sack in the middle of winter.

But the thing that has really attracted you are her legs. You have always liked legs anyway, and these—from the knee down, which is all you know about at first—were pretty good. Then one day you were sitting across the room from her when she let her skirt get a little out of hand, and it crept up above

her knee a way.

There, beneath the skirt, you could make out the softly-rounded thigh, disappearing into the darkness near the top of her legs. You could even see the end of her silk stockings, where they hooked into the garters. It was a lovely sight to behold, and one that was over too quickly, as she primly toggled her skirt down and blushed when she caught you copping a look.

That incident fired her interest, however, and you capitalized on it. You asked her for a date, and by God she accepted. But you did notice that her nose kind of crinkled up when you suggested a night at the concert, and she didn't exactly go for that conservative suit you were wearing either.

You got smart that night, remember? Instead of dressing in traditional dark blue suit, white shirt and black tie, you chose the loudest necktie, a striped shirt with your initials on the collar (one on each side), and a suit you'd bought after your discharge from the Army, the color of unripened tomato.

She went absolutely wild when you picked her up that evening. She stayed that way through the barn dance you took her to, and afterward, in your apartment, you got her nicely oiled up sweet drinks and corny dialogue. From that moment on, or at least until we go back to the narrow lapel bit, you'll remain an absolute, uncompromising and guitar-loving slob.

And one other thing: you're also one helluva lover in her book.

• • •

# APPEAL

# MELANCHOLY DAME

By Sam Elbert

THERE ARE TWO moments in a woman's life when she inevitably turns on the tears: when she has been played fast and loose and didn't make a dime out of it, and when she sees her daughter get married.

There are other occasions when she may begin crying, though it is by no means certain: when she smears her fingernail polish, when she loses out in a struggle at the bargain counter, and when her daughter doesn't get married.

Such moments — these times of strife and teardrops — are potentially dangerous to you as a man. Not because you are responsible for her distress, but because she feels that men in general are responsible for her distress — in general. At such times, she may become violent, moody, spiteful (worse so than usual), and—worst of all—frigid.

Think of the wasted time and effort you could spend on a woman caught up in one of her petty frustration and piques. Consider your own frustration when, with high hopes of an evening in the sack, you find your lady with its tail in a

door. With luck, you could escape with most of your sanity and no more than a welt over your eyebrow. With luck, that is.

Without luck, on the other hand, you could find yourself served with a breach of promise subpoena, a maternity suit or even a warrant for willful assault with intent to commit rape. Not to mention such minor points as a ruined reputation, a flattened ego and assorted contusions.

However, there is a way out. In fact, there are two ways out—but we don't recommend the second course, which is to run like hell. You accomplish nothing except unnecessary development of certain eye muscles. The other way, however, the one we do recommend, is to learn how to handle such attacks of feminine distress and turn them to your own advantage.

The first step in the process is learning the facets of the female mind. Men have devoted countless years to this study, to be sure, with no more to show for it than advanced paranoia.



*There's a system—and a reward for perking up a sad sister.*

*Always assume that women are illogical - they are!*

There is a way to simplify the problem, however. That is to constantly assume that the female is going to do the most illogical thing. With this assumption firmly in mind, you may on occasion be surprised—but never unpleasantly. And knowing this, you are well on your way to Understanding Women.

Okay, you've arrived at your girl friend's house one evening and found her in a state of emotional deshabille. She tells you that her favorite hair stylist was arrested that morning for homosexuality and that his substitute made an absolute shambles of her coiffure.

It looks all right to you—oh, a little wilder than usual, but what the hell? You tell her so, and she screams that you don't understand her problems. You're feelingless.

Your first impulse is to button her lip with your fist. Your second is to tell her where to stuff her coiffure. But you don't or rather, you shouldn't. You should, at a time like this, agree with her.

"I think you're right," you say. "They had no business arresting the

poor man."

"Oh, to hell with him," she fires back. "What about my hair?"

"Listen," you go on, fighting back the urge to belt her one, "your hair looks like a starling's nest, but I like it."

She looks at you narrowly, searching for a sign of insincerity. This is your real test. If you show the slightest sign of sarcasm, deceit or just happen to be yawning, you're lost. But if you manage to look sincere, she's beginning to forget her dudgeon. Then she might say:

"You're the only one who really understands me. I feel safe when you're near."

If that isn't a come-on, we've never encountered one—and neither have you. Don't destroy the gains you've made by leaping precipitously into her arms with passionate murmurs. Talk it up some more; not too much. *Then* leap precipitously into her arms. She's ready for you by that time.

And you've earned your reward.

● ● ●



# MELANCHOLY DAME

*You may think you've got your girl tied up in knots - but don't count on it!*



*Give her enough rope, you think, and she'll hang herself -*

*uh, uh, you're the one who'll hang!*





*Of course, she'll be sweet and tender as she sees*

*you meant it only for her own best interests. Hah!*



# HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME



*Chubby chums are  
grateful girls!*



Chubby girls just love to  
get attention from men -  
they just thrive on it.





Chubby girls have foam rubber complexions and are a whole lot bouncier

By George Pesante

**T**HE TROUBLE with this country is not smog or juvenile delinquency or even TV commercials. The trouble with this country is, that it's getting so hard to find a fat girl.

Oh, sure, they still exist, and a good thing too, because if they ever do disappear from view, we're going to have to raise them in special herds like the vanishing buffalo.

But what with all this diet talk and reducing salons springing up to replace the corner pool room, and what with cats getting smaller, lower, the fat girl is being driven out of fashion.

This is too bad. Any man who has played parlor hockey with a fat girl knows that here is a wonderful fund of fun, frolic and felicity.

Unlike slim girls who are the darlings of modern fashion, fat girls get little attention. That means that when a man does bestow his favors upon them, they react like a St. Bernard in a sausage factory.

They laugh, they giggle, they respond to your attentions with happy shrieks. In short, they just lap it up. What's more, they don't need to be persuaded. Simply give them the nod and they're off to the races. And once a fat girl gets herself in motion, she's awfully hard to stop.

Incidentally, the old belief that fat girls are necessarily jolly girls is only sometimes true. There are plenty of fat girls who are so frustrated by their lack of male attention that they are foul-tempered, mean and sullen.

The majority of them are sunny though, and even the grumpy lumpies will respond much more quickly to a little warmth than the average slim-waisted woman.

Some girls are fat, of course, because they have glandular deficiencies and these are generally to be avoided. Frequently they have moustaches and evil tempers and are so fat as to cause topographical confusion.

On the other hand, a girl who is

generously plump, simply because the good Lord made her that way, a girl who likes to eat and drink and have herself a good time—this girl is worth solid gold, all 180 pounds of her.

Another fallacy about fat girls is that they are light on their feet. This isn't true, most of them are as heavy as all get-out. But it's pretty easy to get them off their feet. And that's what really counts.

A fat girl is used to the notion that people can't lift her up and toss her around as if she were a ballerina. Consequently, she won't force you to go through those gymnastics. She'll arrange herself in such a way as to spare you the grunt and groan preliminaries.

Generally speaking, fat girls have one trait in common which their slimmer sisters do not always enjoy. They tend to have skins as smooth as foam rubber and twice as booney.

They cost less to feed than slim girls because they go in heavy for bread and mashed potatoes and show a marked preference for beer.

Because fat girls do not get the rush that slim girls do, they don't expect to be taken out to fancy places. They don't expect filet mignon and champagne. The back seat of a car and a pile of sandwiches will do nicely, especially if both the sandwiches and the back seat are big.

Fat girls tend to live alone more often than slim girls. They need more room around them and also, they are embarrassed by their slimmer roommates. This makes it much easier to date a fat girl, and what's more, to make the date pay off.

Needless to say, fat girls are a joy in the winter time, because there's nothing more comforting than to find yourself enfolded by great mounds of corvy girl. They are equally delightful in the summer time, however, because they like nothing on except the electric fan. And, after all, what could be more fun than that?



Chubby girls are a comfort in the winter and a joy in the summertime.



By Neil Miller

SOME MEMBERS of modern society tend to scoff (and worse) at one of the most familiar and universal services available to man: the play-fur-pay prostitute.

It isn't only the blue-noses and do-gooders who object to the widespread practice of buying (or, more properly, renting) your bedtime playmate. Certain otherwise normal and fun-loving men feel the same way, as though the idea of dropping in at a bawdy house were something repugnant.

Attitudes like this—in slightly severer form, to be sure—are responsible for breaking up the homes of many splendidly skilled young women. Sadie Thompson, for example, ran into such a string of bad luck merely because the rain in Tahiti preyed mainly on the brain, and particularly the brain of a certain clergyman.

Various later-day Sadies have got their raps from other evangelical fanatics, like police chiefs and reform nayers, who felt that their presence somehow offered a threat to common decency—which is, of course, quite absurd.

But it isn't only the misguided and inoptic missionary types who cause trouble among the cat-house set. It's also the cynical, hypocritical sort of man who would think nothing of knocking off an illicit session in the hay—without paying for it. But the instant he is asked to fork over a five-spot for his kicks, he becomes a fire-and-brimstone preacher with the moral integrity of a Vestal Virgin.

"Pay fur it!" he screams in mock horror. "That's a terrible thing to do!"

When a man makes a statement like that, it isn't his dignity or morality speaking; it is his parsimony. He doesn't object to the idea of paying for his sex. He objects to the act of laying out various sums ranging from two to one hundred dollars—and up. He's merely a cheapskate, despite his protests to the contrary.

Actually, the attitude is all wrong, whatever its reasons. The prostitute is, and always has been, a necessary and desirable adjunct to human society. She is the safety valve for pent-up libidos. Without her, men would become—occasionally—like the beasts we look on as inferior creatures. And women, the so-called decent kind, would have to begin packing revolvers, or staying indoors when the fleet docks.

The prostitute, after all, is not merely a woman of loose moral fiber. At least, a good prostitute is not. She is, rather, a woman with a professional pride and many years of experience and training behind her. She has labored as hard as any Broadway chorine to become skilled in her chosen work, and aptitude for a whore pays dividends practically unequalled in other lines of work. Not only that, but she brings more than her share of happiness and relief to tired businessmen and executives, not to mention plain working stiff, who are far from home and lonely as hell.

Prostitution is a business as universal and timeless as mankind itself. Records of "available" women (i.e., bawds) go back as far as history. Certainly the foot soldier in Alexander's phalanxes found comfort in more than one dusky beauty between Macedon and the portals of the Himalayas. The rate of exchange may have been different, but the idea was the same.

There are also no national boundaries to whoredom. There is a sort of sisterhood of nations among the world's hookers, whether they wear kimonos and call themselves Geisha girls, or wear sweaters and skirts and lurk along the doorways of Piccadilly. All of them, regardless of race, creed or national origin, have that one thing in common: the ability to make a man forget his troubles for a little while, even if at the cost of a few dollars, pounds, yen, Reichmarks or francs.

Heaven helps the working girl—regardless of her line of work.

# BAWDY





# AND SOUL

*The world's oldest profession  
is also its most misunderstood.*



By Jacques Milband

*(Monsieur Milband is a member of the French foreign mission in the U.S. who has made an intensive study of American manners and morals for the last two and a half years.*

*In fact that's his foreign mission: studying Americans. He has concentrated his efforts on women, mainly because he likes them, and because he's found*

The schools, for example, have imposed an invented set of standards. The child, rather than the teacher, has the best of everything. The professor has approximately the same rank and distinction as the school janitor. He is looked upon by children and parents alike as a sort of caretaker, without any status to speak of.

And in love, as well, Americans are obsessed with the idea of youth.

# VINTAGE

*Like good wine, a woman  
sometimes improves with aging.*

# VALUE

*them easier to work with. His status with the present French regime is somewhat clouded, owing to the situation in Algeria, which was to be the next locale for his study of women.*

—Ed.)

WE HAVE A SAYING in my country that the Englishman admires beauty, the Frenchman admires love and the American admires nothing but youth. To a foreigner visiting the U.S., the last part of that statement seems particularly true. Everywhere one looks, one is made aware of the strange youth cult which runs America.

The mark of a successful lover seems to be the ability to land a concubine who has not quite reached the age of consent. That is to say, if she is still in her teens she is far more desirable than her ancient, 25 to 30-year-old counterparts. It is a sign of disturbing immaturity.

In this country, a woman is considered worn out and ready for the discard pile by the time she reaches the age of 40. And in some isolated communities, she is considered worthless long before that: say, at the ripe old age of 27.

In France we admire youth as much as anyone; but we recognize youth's shortcomings, its inexperience.







ence. And we wait patiently for youth to ripen into maturity before we assault it in parlors and bedrooms across the land.

We feel that a woman with a few lines in her face, an errant bulge here and there, and even, perhaps, a few gray hairs, is only just getting adept at the business of making love. Up 'til that point, she has merely been rehearsing. Now she is waiting, poised and perfect, for the curtain to rise on the real thing.

One thing I have heard from a number of otherwise intelligent Americans is that women over 30 are "worn out." They seem to feel that women are an exhaustible product, like an automobile. After so many thousand miles, or what-have-you, she is ready to be traded in on a newer model. All I can say to that statement is, "Send us your used women. Top prices paid."

A woman is *not* an automobile. She is (thank God) a flesh-and-blood thing, capable of warmth and tenderness — and of astonishing physical regeneration. You, my American friend, will wear out long before she does. You are far more susceptible to fatigue than she; you will run down much sooner, and look much worse in the process, than she.

What, then, does a Frenchman look for in a woman? Beauty? To be sure, beauty is never to be overlooked. But, as Benjamin Franklin once said (with a wisdom which seems to have escaped his current countrymen), you can disguise and conceal every part of a woman's anatomy but one; and that is the one which deteriorates last and least.

No, my American friends, you must forget this youth fetish. It can only lead to moral disaster and decay. Carried too far, it can result in a major part of your female populace relegated to the status of grandmothers long before they are ready for such status. Face facts: even grandmothers are women, but girls are not.



"In France we admire  
youth . . . but we also

"recognize its short-  
comings and we wait



"patiently for it to  
become full and ripe."



